

## NO REGULAR SUGAR CERTIFICATES TO BE ISSUED TO DEALERS

It Is Expected That Supply Will Meet Ordinary Needs Under Government Ration of Two Lbs. Monthly

FLAGSTAFF, Aug. 8.—No regular sugar certificates will be issued by the food administration to retail dealers for the month of August, it was announced today by the federal food administration for Arizona.

This does not mean that Arizona is facing a sugar famine, nor that dealers will not be supplied. It does mean, it was explained, that the distribution plan of the sugar division of the food administration at Washington will be placed in effect.

Under this plan sugar certificates accumulated by the retail dealer in selling to manufacturers and eating establishments are taken up by the wholesaler in exchange for new supplies of sugar and in the same manner certificates are turned over by the wholesaler and jobber to the refiner. In other words there is a constant stream of certificates flowing toward the refiner and there is a constant supply of sugar flowing from the refiners to the jobbers and wholesalers. It is expected that this supply will meet all the ordinary needs under the new government ration of two pounds per person per month. To take care of the sugar sold for canning purposes the federal food administrator will issue what has been termed a "lieu" certificate.

These lieu certificates will be issued from the state headquarters of the food administration, Flagstaff, on application, and will be based on cancelled home-canning statements for July turned in by the dealer to the food administrator and on file in his office.

It is expected that plans will be announced shortly to take care of the needs of retail dealers, eating places and manufacturers of ice cream and soft drinks. Until such announcement is issued from Washington no certificates can be issued and all county food administrators have been advised accordingly.

You can't support the boys at the front by helping to support a telephone pole or the corner building. Walk over to the U. S. Employment Service and get a job free.

## "THE FIGHTING TRAIL"

Episode 9—"Will Yaqui Joe Tell"

(Continued from the last issue)

"The Fighting Trail" will be shown at Lang's Theater each Wednesday evening the second of the series will be shown Wednesday, August 21.

At that moment Ybarra, shuffling in toward the house, halted a moment to watch it run away. Either through coincidence or by kindness of Providence the frightened rabbit dashed toward the entrance of the cave. As it was about to enter there for shelter, it took a sudden turn and fled in the opposite direction, with renewed speed. Ybarra was immediately suspicious. Something—perhaps some one—must have frightened the animal. He uttered a little cry. Perhaps some one was in his cave! He turned and called:

"Joe! Joe!"

Yaqui Joe, the relic of a dauntless tribe of earlier days, Ybarra's faithful servant, appeared in the doorway. Don Carlos motioned to the cave. Joe understood. The old Spaniard, his days for physical combat passed, went on toward the hacienda, leaving the Indian to see to the safety of the cases.

When Ybarra entered the house, he was welcomed warmly by the one bright ray in his shattered, lonesome life. It was a young and very beautiful girl, whom he called Nan. She was dark, of the Spanish type, but nevertheless sparklingly American. Ybarra often described her to strangers as the kind of a girl an orphan imagines his mother was. And that was description enough, both of beauty and of character.

"What's the matter, father?" she asked nervously. "Why did you call?"

"I thought perhaps those two mad men from Lost Mine, Shoestring Drant and Cut Deep Rawls, were about again. Yaqui Joe is looking around now. It may be nothing. Don't be alarmed." He tapped her on the shoulder. Despite his assurances, Nan was alarmed. She feared the men whose names her father had mentioned, for often before she had heard of their maniacal intentions of abducting her.

The following morning things occurred rapidly and unfortunately at the little mountain town of Lost Mine. Von Bleck and Gwyn arrived at the same hotel a few minutes after each other. The secret agent of the Central Powers got in first, and Gwyn met

him in the dining room as he was eating breakfast. Both were clad in rough western attire, having ridden the entire distance from Barstow by horseback, though along different roads.

At the first sight of him, Gwyn comprehended. He had been followed. In an instant he recalled the conversation on the train, remembered how Von Bleck had attempted to talk business. Everything that had passed between them flashed like a bolt of lightning into his mind. He had no doubt that his suspicions were true. He walked over to the Central Powers' agent, and, without a preliminary word, said:

"Von Bleck, you've gone about far enough. I know who you are, what you are, and what you want. Look out. I'm working to save my nation—you are working to destroy it. I wouldn't for a moment allow such a little thing as your life stand between me and my mission here. I warn you, keep off my trail!"

Von Bleck said nothing. He merely sneered.

Gwyn ate a hurried breakfast, and, after inquiring the way to Ybarra's mine, started out upon the back of a hired horse to find it.

It was said that the occurrences at Lost Mine that morning were unfortunate, and they were; for, when Von Bleck had finished his meal, and decided, despite Gwyn's caution, to follow the young mining engineer to his destination, and foil his plans, if such a thing were possible, he asked which trail to follow to Ybarra's. The name he found by reference to his notebook. As fate ruled, his appointed guides were none other than Shoestring Drant and Cut-Deep Rawls, who had prowled about the Spaniard's dwelling on the previous evening.

After they had led him several miles into the mountains, they discovered that he, too, was an enemy to Don Carlos Ybarra, and, due both to Von Bleck's shrewdness in the situation and that of the outlaws, they struck a bargain. It was an immense bargain, almost as great and important as the one made by Gwyn and Balterman, but the conditions under which it was made were in sharp contrast to the other. It was agreed that if Von Bleck, through the aid of the outlaws should gain possession of Ybarra's cinnabar mine, the outlaw were to be paid the fabulous sum of one million dollars, in addition to which Von Bleck was to aid them in what was more important than the

money, to their minds—the abduction of Ybarra's daughter Nan.

Meanwhile, Nan and Yaqui Joe had gone to Lost Mine with a shipment of cinnabar to be sent to Gwyn's New York office. Nan left Joe in charge of it, with instructions for him to wait for the mail, while she hurried back across the mountain trail to her father, whom she did not care to leave alone.

She was riding leisurely along the narrow trail that led around the side of one of the mountains, when, suddenly rounding a curve, she met Gwyn face to face. The path was not wide enough for both horses to pass easily, and there was a sheer drop of more than five hundred feet into the valley from it. Nan's horse, frightened by the sudden appearance of Gwyn, reared and started to turn in his tracks. One of his feet slid over the edge of the trail and he commenced to fall. Gwyn, in an instant, was out of his saddle and beside her. It was useless to try to save the horse. Already he had lost his balance. Gwyn caught Nan just as she was about to go over the edge, and dragged her back to the trail, while her mount tottered on the brink for a brief second and toppled into space.

Nan, when she had recovered from the shock of her narrow escape, murmured her thanks and was wondering how she would reach her home, when Gwyn astounded her by revealing his identity. He, also, was agreeably surprised to discover that she was the daughter of Don Carlos Ybarra, whom he was on his way to see. He had lost himself in the mountains, and was trying to find his way out when they met on the narrow trail.

She looked at him with her great, dark eyes, and Gwyn was overcome by her beauty and carefree freshness. "Father will be mighty glad to see you," she said.

That night, shortly after dusk, when the Sierras were clouded with the evening mist, three figures emerged on horseback from the woods and advanced across the little clearing to Ybarra's hacienda. Von Bleck and his desperadoes had returned. They dismounted, Von Bleck leading dashed up to the hacienda, bolted through the unlocked door, and faced the occupants with drawn revolvers. Von Bleck had calculated that this would be all that was necessary, but even such efficiency experts of the Central Powers' "system" as he was some time calculate incorrectly. Neither Gwyn nor Ybarra threw up their hands in surrender. Instead they drew their own weapons, and gave furious battle. Von Bleck and the outlaws fired. Gwyn and Ybarra returned their shots. In the excitement no one was hit. For several minutes the fight raged—hand to hand at times—and then Don Carlos fell, a bullet in his head. Gwyn's gun was snatched from behind, and Nan was caught in the ironlike grasp of the chuckling Cut-Deep.

"Get it! Get it!" Von Bleck yelled. "Hurry up, and then run."

The outlaws rushed together toward the kitchen, and suddenly stopped. They listened. Through the open door came the sudden clatter of hoofs upon the grass. The marauders knew immediately what it meant. Yaqui Joe, returning from town, had seen the spot where Nan had fallen and had seen her horse in the gully below. He was rushing to the house for Don Carlos. The position became dangerous. Taken thus by surprise, they might all be killed. Cut-Deep released Nan and ran to the cover of the kitchen. Von Bleck followed, just as Yaqui Joe burst into the door and fired. The bullet pierced his hand, but Von Bleck leaped into the kitchen before he could shoot again, slammed the door, and bolted it.

For several minutes Gwyn and Joe hurled their bodies against the portal. At last it sagged and fell in, with the two men, battered and bruised, sprawling upon it. They looked up quickly, expecting to meet a volley of shots. Nothing happened. The kitchen was empty.

An open window, with broken panes, told the reason. But a few feet from it, the cover torn off, was an old wooden chest. Yaqui Joe rested his eyes upon it for a second. Then, with a little cry, ran to it and began rummaging through its contents.

"They've got it! They've got it!" he fairly shrieked. And then, reaching down one side, his finger pressed on something. The inner side flew open, revealing two large, sealed envelopes, yellow with age. "But they haven't got it all!" he shouted almost joyously. Rushing past Gwyn and Nan, who stood, mystified, in the center of the room, he ran into the adjoining room and knelt beside Ybarra. The old Spaniard opened his eyes dazedly and smiled at his servant. He took the envelopes from his hand and proceeded to tear them open.

"Joe," he ordered, "follow their trail and get it from them." The old Indian, hesitating not a moment, rushed out of the door, and in another moment could be heard galloping away through the night. Gwyn and Nan were beside Ybarra by this time. The girl looked down into the Spaniard's face saw there a hidden terror. He was dying.

The fourth episode of "The Fighting Trail" will appear in the next issue of "The Miner."

Eight men must serve "over here" to support one man over there. Are you serving? Get in touch with the nearest U. S. Employment Service office.

## The Neckwear Sharpshooter

He started fighting the Boche the day the recruiting officer turned him down. He's fighting yet with something the German supreme command can't outflank.

By GUY HUBBART

The recruiting officer in a medium sized city turned a volunteer down because he was physically unfit to fight in the trenches. The young man was anxious to fight, he was anxious to get at the dirty boche and his swaggering officers first hand. But his chest was too shallow; his heart was weak; his feet were flat. He was rejected unconditionally. This is what he said when he got back behind the men's furnishing counter, his regular job.

"Oh, I am not fit to fight, hey! Well, I will fight. My feet may be flat and my heart weak, but my head isn't flat and my brain isn't weak. I'll fight the damned Kaiser and his crew of Potsdam butchers and baby killers. I'll fight him with something sharper than a sword, something the Teutonic philosophy cannot comprehend. I'll fight him with ideas."

The young man with the flat chest did fight. He organized a War Savings Stamp Club in his store and under his direction it sold \$46,000 worth of stamps in six weeks. His boss helped him, his customers helped him. He is selling stamps yet and selling his regular merchandise, collars, neckties and shirts.

But he hasn't allowed his regular job to interfere with his fighting. No sir, not at all!

Do you know what \$46,000 will do toward winning the war? Ask any Ordnance man. He'll tell you and then you'll know why the Kaiser fears ideas more than he does guns. He

knows he can't fight ideas. He is at the head of an army of cattle. Cattle must be driven. They can't fight like this flat chested clerk.

You men at the head of stores manned by salespeople with ideas. Are you helping them fight? You are if you have a War Savings Stamp department where stamps are sold every day.

Tell this story to your salespeople. It will help them, and you, to fight. And remember every dollar helps the gunner and the mop-up man over there.

If they tell you about a "swell" job somewhere else, ask the man at the Employment Service office. He'll tell you about a better one right here.

The past can never be undone. The food you should have conserved will never reach a hungry mouth.

To the names of the illustrious generals of today, history will justly add General Housewife.

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